

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1263-1267

Chapter 1263

"John, don't be such a drama queen. I can count on one hand the number of times I've gone out, yet I still got into trouble. If it's meant to be, it's meant to be. I can't keep hiding forever or be a burden to our family. I'm sure they've excluded kidnapping from their future agenda after my last incident. I need to do my part too. I can't just stay at home alone and come up with imaginary scenarios in my head."

I knew I came across as harsh, but I wasn't mad at them. I only wanted to motivate myself.

"I've given it some thought. Since Tinsel Group is so chummy with the Zieglers and the Trivetts, I have to keep my job there." I used my most serious tone as I conveyed my intentions.

Dragging me into their dirty deals might not be as easy as Tinsel Group thought. I was determined to make them feel like they had lured a wolf into a rabbit's den at the end of it.

"I'm glad that you want to help us. At the same time, I don't want you to enter the lion's den," John cautioned.

"John's right. Since they know who you are, they'll have their guards up. Besides, you're unhappy there, so why don't you transfer to another law firm? You can still become an impressive lawyer then," Louis added.

I opened my mouth in retort, but before I could say anything, I let out a few deep, hacking coughs. My throat and eyes itched painfully.

What started as a mild cough soon became uncontrollable. When John realized that something was wrong, a salty, metallic taste had made its way up my throat. I spat out some blood on the ground before me and the last thing I heard was John calling out to me.

"Letty!"

"You b*stard! Didn't you say it wasn't fatal? Why did you lie to us? I'm going to kill you!"

"John, calm down! We're at the Stovall residence. If you really harm him, you're going to drag Uncle Louis with you into the mess."

As I came to, I heard John and Emma arguing loudly. I slowly opened my eyes to Ashton's face. He was peering at me, concern evident in his eyes.

"What happened?" I croaked.

"Letty?" John pushed aside the elderly doctor he had been threatening in his haste to reach my side. I was greeted by the sight of his bloodshot eyes. "You're awake. Thank god, you're awake."

"Why is it so noisy?" I began to regain some of my strength. Ashton helped me sit up against the bed.

After I regained my composure, I took in the scene before me. The doctor who had treated me in M Country was here.

He avoided my gaze. They seemed to agree on keeping me in the dark regarding the severity of my situation. I didn't have to be an idiot to tell that something was very wrong. After all, John's expression gave everything away. The last time he looked like this was when he was breaking up with Hannah.

"Can you all leave the room first? I'd like to spend some time with Ashton alone."

A patient's word was always the sacred decree. As such, John shooed everyone out of the room in a second. Now, Ashton and I were alone.

Ashton poured a glass of warm water for me, gently coaxing me to take small sips. He sat down later and started peeling an apple wordlessly. I watched the long string of peel, mesmerized at its perfection.

He always does things perfectly, even when it comes to small things.

"Ashton," I called out to him.

"Yes?" Ashton was laser-focused on the task at hand.

"We promised we wouldn't lie to each other. I need to know the truth. I don't want to find out from anyone else."

He paused in the middle of peeling. A moment later, he continued moving the knife as he removed the peel completely. Only then did he lift his head to look at me. Passing the apple to me, he said, "When we're in M Country, those men knew they couldn't afford to offend John, so they lied about the toxin's lethality. They pretended that it could be cured with medication so

that it would give them time to escape. In truth, the medication can only temporarily inhibit the toxin's effects on your body. It can't get rid of it."

The apple in my hand suddenly weighed a ton. I felt at a loss of what to do.

Though I was still in a haze before I opened my eyes earlier, I could clearly hear the word "fatal" from John's mouth.

Chapter 1264

No one was ever really ready for death. The nearer the moment loomed, the more chilling it felt.

When he noticed the fear on my face, Ashton took my hand and placed it over his heart.

"I will always be with you, for better or worse. And I promise to get you treated no matter what. Do you trust me, Scarlett?"

Even though he was almost whispering, Ashton's voice reverberated loudly through my heart.

Ashton was someone who made me feel like I could take on the whole world. With him around, I never needed to fear.

I gripped his hand tight, all my worries vanishing in that instant as I whispered, "I trust you." Even if it was my last day on earth, I wanted to spend it with no regrets.

Ashton stayed with me at the Stovall residence until the wee hours of the morning. I couldn't help but feel a sense of helplessness and insecurity as I watched him leave. Without him around, the world seemed a little harsher and colder.

I was starting to space out when I got pulled back into reality by my phone's ringing.

It was odd that anyone would call at two in the morning. But since I couldn't fall asleep, I picked up my phone to check who the caller was.

Alas, it was Zander. Not quite the call I had expected, I decided to let him wait for a while more before answering.

"What's the matter, Mr. Hoffman?" I asked harshly.

Ever since I found out that Zander was in cahoots with the people who poisoned me, I had lost all respect for him. As such, I saw no need to be polite toward him.

"What happened today was my fault. You were right. I've indeed gone too far. I hope you won't take it to heart."

An apology? Is that necessary? Did he want to make peace because he's worried about me leaving Tinsel Group and ruining their plan?

"Oh, that? I don't remember it anymore. But Mr. Hoffman, are you sure it's appropriate to call your female coworker this late at night? Aren't you afraid of gossip?" I was on the brink of death and didn't care if I offended anyone. Besides, after everything Zander had done, he deserved to feel my wrath.

As if pondering his choice of words, Zander replied after some hesitation, "I've been most inconsiderate. I'm sorry for disturbing you."

“Get out of my life if you’re really sorry. Oh, by the way, you’re fired. Goodbye.”

With that, I hung up the phone before he could even react or protest against it.

In my current condition, neither John nor Ashton would want me to return to Tinsel Group to fish for information. The work intensity there would be too much for my body to bear.

The next day, Emery called to ask if I could accompany her to a ribbon-cutting ceremony. She didn’t know about my poisoning incident and just wanted to hang out with me. Naturally, I agreed.

The Moores were born entrepreneurs, and Emery was no exception. She was a talented trader who always knew what stocks to buy. Rather than continue being in the employment of her previous company, she decided to start her own, which turned out to be the best investment decision she ever made.

Indeed, all entrepreneurs were scheming. Emery wouldn’t have gotten to where she was today if she wasn’t crafty enough.

When I arrived at her office, Emery was in a meeting with her staff. The flair of a young, successful leader came naturally to her as she mentored and instructed her team.

Upon seeing me, Emery dismissed them and made her way toward me. “Where’s Emma? Didn’t I invite her too?”

“Oh, she got called back for an urgent meeting by her editor. She said she’s very sorry about missing the opening ceremony.”

The truth was Emma wanted to avoid Emery at all costs. She was worried that her tongue might slip and spill the beans about Hunter.

“Which magazine publisher is she in again? The audacity of them to snatch her away from me,” she muttered. However, she soon got over it as she dragged me around the office to make introductions.

It was almost ten when everyone gathered downstairs for the ribbon-cutting ceremony.

Even though he was slightly late, Hunter still confidently strode through the crowd toward Emery. After planting a kiss on Emery’s forehead, he looped his arm around her and smiled at the reporters who were eagerly waiting for them.

Chapter 1265

Hunter and Emery seemed like the picture-perfect couple, much to the envy of others around them. However, the more Hunter smiled, the more I found it fake and off-putting. I finally understood why Emma decided against attending the ceremony. After having known the truth about Hunter, there was no way she would have been able to feign ignorance in front of him.

Meanwhile, Hunter was being the perfect gentleman. Ever so charismatic and impeccably dressed, even the female reporters couldn’t help but steal glances at him.

“Alright, since everyone’s here, we can begin the ribbon-cutting ceremony! Let’s... “

“Wait!” Emery interrupted before the emcee could go on. “We’re still waiting for someone.”

The words had only just left her mouth when she spotted a familiar face in the crowd and waved eagerly at him.

Everyone followed her gaze till their eyes landed on Ashton, who was looking as cool as a cucumber.

He swiftly made his way toward them and stood beside Hunter. The ribbon-cutting ceremony went on as scheduled to roaring applause.

While the reporters were busy taking photos, Emery gently elbowed me to get my attention. "So, what about it?" she whispered, a polite smile still plastered on her face.

"What about what?" I replied in confusion.

"I'm talking about Ashton." Emery sighed as she rolled her eyes. "You should take this chance to talk to him. You've gotten your kid back, so why not just restore your marriage?"

Oh, so that's what she's trying to get at.

I had almost forgotten that other than the Stovall family, no one else knew that Ashton and I had faked our divorce. Still, it warmed my heart to see Emery being so concerned about me, even on such an important day.

A sudden wave of guilt washed over me. I knew that sooner or later, I would have to find an opportunity to tell her the truth.

I was still mulling over it when the ceremony ended. Emery left to entertain the reporters as she showed them around the office. As a member of the Moore family and a prominent figure in the business world, it was doubly important that her business got good coverage to increase her brand exposure.

As the guests and reporters gradually made their way into the office, a woman emerged from the crowd and gracefully made her way toward Emery and Hunter.

I held my breath as soon as I recognized her. She was the woman whom I had seen with Hunter the other day. Who exactly is she?

“Hello, Mrs. Zane, I’m Delilah. I’m here on behalf of our Economic Society to congratulate Professor Zane and yourself.” There was a charming lilt to her voice as she handed a gift to Emery.

Unbeknownst to others, I could see the deviousness behind that fake, innocent smile of Delilah’s. I had seen the same expression far too often on Rebecca, and the memories that flooded back only irked me even more.

I had a sudden urge to step in and protect Emery from this vile woman, but before I could make any move, a hand shot out from behind to stop me. When I turned around and came face to face with Ashton, he shook his head lightly to remind me not to do anything rash.

Even though I wasn’t sure what his intentions were, I nodded back to indicate my understanding. Ashton seemed a lot more relieved after that and stepped away.

Emery accepted the gift from Delilah happily before handing it to Hunter. “Thank you, Delilah. Please, do come in.”

It was then when I saw the crack in Hunter’s calm demeanor. Panic and embarrassment were written all over his face as if he had been found guilty of something. He frowned and stood quietly between the two women.

Delilah was a smart woman who knew better than to air dirty laundry in public. She still had on a megawatt smile as she accepted Emery’s invitation and followed the crowd into the office. Owing to the power and status of the Moore family, many reporters had shown up at the ribbon-cutting ceremony. The crowd was so large that I could only stay with Emery most of the time.

Unfortunately, that also meant I had to be with Hunter.

Even though Hunter and I were distracted, Emery remained friendly and professional the entire time. Whether it was reporters or friends, she entertained them all with a natural flair and charisma.

Her being oblivious to the ugly truth about Hunter made me feel even worse. I hated to see her being kept in the dark and betrayed by the person she loved so dearly. But I was also worried that she wouldn't be able to handle the truth.

When the ceremony finally came to an end, Emery made her way downstairs to see her guests off, leaving Hunter and me behind at the reception area.

Chapter 1266

Hunter tugged at his tie when he saw Emery walk into the elevator. His anxiety was even more palpable now.

"Did you invite her here?" I asked solemnly.

Hunter glanced at me but remained silent, his expression even more somber now.

I had had enough of his aloofness and could no longer control the rage that had been boiling inside me. "I knew you were good at teaching, but now I know you're even better at breaking promises." The words came out of my mouth dripping with sarcasm.

Hunter continued to stay silent, though his face had turned red with anger.

“Emery is my best friend, and I hope you don’t forget what you’ve said before, Mr. Zane. I don’t wish to see a repeat of what happened today.”

I knew firsthand how humiliating it was to be provoked by homewreckers. I couldn’t stand aside and let Hunter and Delilah play Emery like a fool.

My words had pushed Hunter over the edge, and he was about to object when the elevator doors opened. Emery lifted her gown and walked out, still as graceful as ever.

Hunter had no choice but to bite his tongue. To prevent Emery from noticing the rage in my eyes, I lowered my head and looked away from her.

The combination of exhaustion and the fact that her guests were long gone meant that Emery no longer needed to keep a smile on her face. “What have you been talking about?” she asked wearily.

“Nothing much,” Hunter said as he walked up to hold her hand. “It’s been a long day. Why don’t we head home early to rest? The staff can clean up the rest.”

“Alright, as you wish. Let’s send Scarlett home first,” Emery replied with a grin.

I dreaded the prospect of being in the same car as them, especially after the tension between Hunter and me. “No need, our family chauffeur is waiting outside. You guys can go on ahead,” I politely declined.

With that, they bade farewell to me and took their leave.

Seeing their retreating figures, I couldn’t help but let out a deep sigh.

They're perfect for each other, so why did Hunter still go astray despite having such a happy family?

"If you stare anymore, she's going to know something's up."

Ashton showed up so suddenly that it gave me a scare. He cut a dashing figure as always, with his suit unbuttoned and hands in his pockets.

I tried to act threatening and squinted at him. "Oh? So you've figured out what I was thinking about?"

Aston loomed over me before sighing. "Your acting skills are terrible. I wonder how Armond even fell for them in the past?" he asked while patting my head.

I pulled away from him immediately, afraid that there might still be reporters lingering around. If anyone realized that our divorce was a farce, the repercussions would be gnarly.

After looking around and confirming that it was just Ashton and me, I finally relaxed a little. "Armond fell for my act because he was afraid of losing me as his bargaining chip. That had nothing to do with my acting skills. Wait, do you mean to say that my actions earlier were very telling?"

Ashton shrugged nonchalantly. "You were pretty much on par with that Delilah woman."

"Does that mean you saw through her?"

"It wasn't difficult at all," Ashton said matter-of-factly.

Seeing him being so sure of himself left me speechless. If even someone like Ashton could see through the act, surely Emery would be able to as well. After all, she was excellent at reading body language.

But if that was the case, why did she act like everything was fine earlier?

Also, if Ashton's this good at reading people, why wasn't he like this with Rebecca? Or was it just like the old saying where only the outsider sees most of the game?

I could only hope for that to be true. Otherwise, it would be too cruel to Emery.

"You should go home now. It's late, and it's also time for your medication." Ashton reminded, his voice full of concern.

Chapter 1267

I was still steeped in anger, knowing that Hunter had cheated on Emery. And the more I looked at Ashton, the more I was reminded of Rebecca, which only made me even angrier.

"If you could tell, why didn't you say anything? Are all men alike? Do you all always help one another keep your dirty secrets?"

"You didn't come clean to Emery either, did you?" Ashton said with a frown.

Fine. He's right.

"Didn't you also think that there was nothing more to Rebecca becoming closer to you?" I retorted as a sudden urge to cry came over me.

For two years, I had been so troubled over the affairs of the heart that I never had a good night's sleep. I continued to be plagued by those memories even to this day.

Ashton's expression softened as he held my gaze. "If I had known I'd fall for you, I never would have made you sad."

I bit down on my lip as I saw the sincerity in his eyes. An immeasurable amount of warmth filled my heart and I felt myself even more on the verge of tears.

Even though Ashton had made mistakes in the past, he never went to the extent of going all the way with Rebecca. On the other hand, Hunter had no problem betraying his love when faced with the temptation of the flesh.

"Can we go home now?" Ashton's voice once again brought me out of my daze.

"You go on first. I feel like going over to Emery's," I mumbled, still trying to hold back my tears.

"Emery doesn't need your pity now," Ashton replied. "The fact that she could act like nothing was wrong even when her love rival had turned up shows how much she values her pride. Do you want to ruin that for her?"

"I don't!"

"Then it's best to leave it be and let her handle it on her own. Go home now. It's almost time for your injection."

Even after so long, Ashton still never failed to surprise me. "I thought you'd know Hunter better since you're both men. Who knew you'd relate with Emery even more," I remarked.

“Is that weird?”

“What do you think?”

“I don’t think it’s weird at all,” he replied as he pushed the button for the elevator. “You’re my wife, Emery’s your friend, and Hunter’s not. It’s obvious who I would understand more, isn’t it?”

When the elevator doors opened, he was quite the gentleman as he gestured for me to step in. “After you, Mrs. Fuller.”

Back at the Stovall residence, I had barely stepped into the house when I heard Summer and Emma still up and playing.

“Summer, look at the time! Why haven’t you gone to bed?”

As soon as she heard my voice, Summer dashed toward me.

“Look, Mommy! Isn’t this wooden horse cute?” Her smile was big and sweet as she excitedly showed me the toy in her hand.

“Hey Scarlett, your daughter sure is easy to please. She has so many expensive toys to choose from, yet she only likes this little horse figurine,” Emma joked.

I led Summer to the sofa and sat down with her before scrutinizing her favorite toy horse.

I honestly had no idea why she loved this toy so much. There was nothing special about it, and its craftsmanship was shoddy. I wondered why the girl would find something like this fun.

“Summer, where did this wooden horse come from?”

“Mr. Cress from school gave it to me!” she answered in her sweet, saccharine voice.

“Mr. Cress? Which Mr. Cress?”

“He’s our language teacher! He even praised me in class!” Summer said gleefully.

Seeing her so happy made me smile too. I was relieved to know that the school was a good fit for her.

Just then, John appeared on the stairs, dressed in his pajamas. “Summer, say goodbye to your mother. It’s time for bed.”

“I’m coming! Goodnight, Mommy!” Summer planted a kiss on my cheek and ran up the stairs to John.

Emma saw how well John and Summer got along together and felt a twinge of envy. “John will be a good father in the future.”

“That’s only possible if you give him a chance.”

Emma lowered her head and did not say anything.

I was about to probe her further when the nurse came in to administer my injection. I had no doubt it was John who had informed her.